Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 3, 1914 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

BENEDICTION

Bless this little heart, this white soul that
has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.
He loves the light of the sun, he loves the
sight of his mother's face.
He has not learned to despise the dust and
to hanker after gold.
Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of an hundred
cross-roads.
I know not how he chose you from the
crowd, came to your door, and grasped
your hand to ask his way.
He will follow you, laughing and talking,
and not a doubt in his heart.
Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless
him.
Lay your hand on his head, and pray that
though the waves underneath grow
threatening, yet the breath from above
may come and fill his sails and waft him
to the haven of peace.
Forget him not in your hurry, let him
come to your heart and bless him.

The Crescent Moon —*Rabindranath Tagore*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1914. NUMBER 14

AN AUTUMN PRAYER IN WAR-TIME.

Farewell, dear Summer! You have been my friend.
And though we part, your memory is sure.
The gifts you brought to me were high and pure
And gave my spirit lofty upward trend.
When I recall your roadsides without end,
The hills and vales I trod, the tender lure
Of forest depths,—for aches the blissful cure,—
In worship's grateful ecstasy I bend.
And meanwhile, over seas, the awful roar
Of hellish cannon and the piteous screams
Of mangled men have burdened every day!
O soul of peace and pity in the dreams
Of earth's best lovers, quickly ope the door
To bring to Man a Summer that shall stay!

Tufts College, Mass. JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Lillian Whiting, in the December number of *The Nautilus,* pleads for the cultivation of the "Habit of Happiness." Perhaps happiness is after all a by-product that comes unsought to those addicted to the habit of service. They who face hard tasks will, we believe, eventually find the peace that passeth understanding, but if not, all the same they are to keep at their job, persist in their undertaking.

Amidst all the gum-shoe campaigning of the Navy League, armored interests and panicky citizens whose sleep is troubled with a dread of foreign invasions, there is a still small voice coming from the experts on the inside that the costly dreadnought is a military fallacy and that it is soon to be a back number, outgrown junk. A single submarine devil ship can blow the best of them into flinders. Indeed the "mines" and the "torpedoes" with which the shores of continents are being sown will take care of the most formidable by inviting them to come below

"Where the white sea snakes are."

"A League of Peace—Not 'Preparation for War'" is the title of a recent article by Mr. Carnegie, which first appeared in *The Independent,* now reprinted in a leaflet by the Church Peace Union. He finds even in the present war a grim indication of the better way that is coming. He says:

> The present war gives us upon a small scale an illustration of the forthcoming union of nations to preserve peace, in the agreement executed by the allies, Britain, Russia and France, which binds them to act only in unison in all matters affecting peace. No one separate nation has power to act, only the three nations united have all power.
>
> * * * *
>
> War, as the guardian of international peace, after twenty centuries of trial, has proved a traitor thereto, waging, as it is today, the greatest of all wars that ever devastated the earth and sacrificing thousands of men weekly to death in this, the twentieth century of Christianity.

In view of the deplorable disposition to use the present disturbed conditions of the world as an argument for further enslavement of the United States to the wretched tyranny of militant ambitions, debts and degeneracies, it is refreshing to read in the September number of the *Japanese Peace Movement,* a neatly printed monthly, half English and half Japanese, the following:

> At this juncture, when almost the whole civilized world seems to have risen in arms against one country or another, it is a great comfort to feel that the two nations which clapsed their hands across the Pacific half a century ago still remain fast friends, enjoying peace and mutual good will, which I trust will endure as long as the calm waters of the great ocean continue to wash their shores.
>
> The rumors of misunderstanding and uneasiness we hear sometimes are but ripples on the surface. In its profound depth the Pacific is grandly at rest.

That was an unique celebration held at Tokyo on the 4th of November last, where native and foreign scholars gathered around a banquet table to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Clay McCauley's arrival in Japan. He went not as a missionary to carry the "Christian gospel," interpreted in terms of theology and sectarian ambitions, but as a bearer of good will, a messenger of a fellowship that sought to study whatever was excellent in the native religion, to discover and appreciate whatever was noble in the civilization of Japan, believing in a possible synthesis that would blend the profounder elements in the life of the East and the West in a religious faith and fervor that would be cosmopolitan. The hearty interest manifested at this banquet table as reported in the *Japan Advertiser* of Nov. 4, witnesses to the value of this contribution to free religious sympathies and inspirations in Japan.

The Dial for November 16th, under the title of "An Intimate View of Tolstoy," gives a most interesting appreciation of the "Reminiscences of Tolstoy. By his son," from the pen of Olin Dantzler Wannamaker. It is a forceful plea for the most obvious justice on the part of the critic that Tolstoy should be studied in his surroundings, and that the environment of aristocratic life in Russia is partly responsible for what seems strained or even unbalanced in his latter years. We are reminded that the distance between the ideal of the life within and the actual absurdities and wickedness of English life without actually unbalanced at times the sensitive soul of Ruskin. Mr. Wannamaker says:

> When we see Tolstoi going out to mow the hay of some

widow or with tools to thatch the hut of a helpless villager, such acts do not bear the stamp of quixotism, but appear rather the natural expression of a profundly earnest man reacting upon an unhappy environment. If that environment was mistaken by Tolstoi for the universal condition of human society, and his teaching thus took on a tone of somberness and became at times particularistic, these qualities were only the inevitable result of an intense desire to be genuine and actual rather than vague and theoretical.

The Church Peace Union has issued from its office a little eight-page leaflet written by Samuel T. Dutton containing an analysis of Katrina Trask's "In the Vanguard" and a recent rendition of the same in the Municipal Theater in Northampton. The writer says:

The question whether the profound lessons of human brotherhood and peace can be successfully taught upon the stage has now been answered. Perhaps for the first time a real peace play has been given in such a way as to impress large numbers of people.

* * * *

"In the Vanguard" focuses the attention on the supreme moral question: Is it right for men to slay one another? Can man keep faith with God and at the same time strive to destroy his brother men? Are the claims of the state and of nationality to be placed above those of conscience and morality? The play was written long before the great war began, but the questions it raises and the lessons it teaches become more pertinent in view of this world conflict? Did Jesus mean what he said when he commanded men to love their enemies and do good to all, even to those by whom they have been wronged?

* * * *

The author of the play in a pointed but delicate manner has reminded all such that it is impossible to be both for and against the Kingdom of God. The man who pretends to stand for righteousness while he is at the same time defending war will surely lose the confidence and esteem of his contemporaries, and, what is worse, will even forfeit his own self-respect.

The plans for the celebration of the centennial of peace between Great Britain and the United States in the year 1915 necessarily halt, and what was looked forward to as a jubilee must be celebrated, if at all, with the solemnities and sadness that belongs to funeral processions. But more than ever should the facts be stated and the conclusions enforced. Speaking for those who dwell in the pacific realms of the Western Continent, the lesson of the unguarded Canadian boundary should go farther and sink deeper than any argument for battleships for the United States based on the present turmoil in Europe. If ever there was a demonstration that exploded a favorite argument, Europe now offers such a refutation of the argument that battleships and armies make for peace. There will be less noise and fewer banners maybe in the celebration, but their absence will be, let us hope, compensated by more reason, clearer vision and profounder gratitude; for this one hundred years of peace demonstrates that the longest boundary line in the world can be maintained in its integrity without mounting a cannon or firing a gun for one hundred years.

The Unitarian General Conference is out with an attractive folder announcing its itinerary to the Pacific Coast in connection with its twenty-sixth meeting to be held in San Francisco during the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The itinerary contemplates having the party leave Boston August 10, 1915, returning there September 9th. Of course the program is flexible, permitting delegates and guests to join the party almost anywhere and to drop off at almost any point. The long rate, covering railroad fare, sleeping births, meals and hotel bills as outlined, sight-seeing trips in all cities visited, transfers, etc., etc., is $291.50 from Boston and $236 from Chicago. It seems a venturesome scheme, but large things are accomplished in this country, particularly in connection with expositions. It is to be hoped that long before this delightful program will be due, the distressing situation in Europe will have passed away and civilization, rebuked for its waywardness, sanctified by its sorrows, will be more ready to interpret life, its peace and its triumphs in terms of the spirit. Surely the agonies and humiliations of battlefields ought to drive the soul inward. Further particulars concerning this trip can be obtained by writing either to the Rev. S. B. Snow, Chairman of the Committee, 2 Chestnut Street, Boston, or Thomas Cook & Son, 336 Washington Street, Boston.

We feel with many others the disappointment over the fact that Dr. Catherine B. Davis, Commissioner of Correction in New York City, has to a degree consented to the use of cigarettes among the boys committed to her care, for the reason, as she is quoted, that "It is more important that boys shouldn't lie than that they shouldn't smoke." To which it has been pertinently answered by Dr. Charles G. Pease of the Non-Smokers' Protective League that "there is no one factor that so demoralizes a boy, robs him of his moral sense and leads to untruthfulness as the cigarette habit." Our disappointment in this matter is more keen if, as we understand it, the cigarette has been permitted by a woman commissioner in the face of its prohibition established by the man predecessor. We will never become right-minded on this matter of cigarettes, cigars and tobacco in general until the open and unanimous testimony of scientific men be adopted by the conventions and the courtesies of good society. When women trifle with this alarming evil they wound society in a more vulnerable point than they realize. One correspondent writes concerning this matter: "I have discontinued my annual contributions to the women's political organizations here in that they give the assent of silence to the attitude of Commissioner Davis in the matter of tobacco using. I had hoped for better things from women." And we still hope for better things from women.

Serious-mindedness and Culture

Robert Browning, in his "Aristophanes Apology" or the "Second Adventure of Balaustion," brings out forcibly the fact that the winter before the final overthrow of Athens was the gayest in its history. The somber thought-dramas of the master poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, were laid aside for the side-splitting comedies of Aristophanes, he who poked fun at Socrates and the poets with such charming wit that all Athens laughed. Paul's letters to the Corinthians indicate the jollity, gayety and frivolity of that prosperous commercial center. It was about this time perhaps and in this place that the Greek column in architecture was reaching its highest development. The fluted column with the foliated capital is known as the "Corinthian" column. Anywhere in the coast towns on the Mediterranean at this time a man in his cups was spoken of as one who had been to Corinth. Something like this was also the life in France on the eve of the terrible upheaval of the Revolution.

The "culture" that is restless, seeking excitement, change, diversity, that leaves its victims unwilling to be alone, that finds them ever chasing after "fun," even in their more intellectual moments framing plans for the amusement of the people, forging a philosophy of mirth and schemes for recreations, must in the end be discovered to be wanting in some of the most essential elements of the truly cultured life, namely: An element of repose, a power of concentration, a love of study on long lines, an aptitude for research, an interest in things non-personal, public spirit, a faith in the intangible and an enduring grip on duty.

The Athenians that greeted Paul on Mars Hill were ever inquiring after some "new thing." They affected a culture, but it was superficial compared with that cultured spirit of the afflicted little Jew, insignificant of presence, ever with a "thorn in the flesh," but who was sustained with a faith that was persistent and a purpose that was contagious. He was the most cultured man on that art-laden hill that day.

Here is a test for our schools too seldom applied. How far do they promote serious-mindedness, the power to use and enjoy what Emerson called the best part of a college education, "The room and fire by oneself for three years"?

The present writer a few weeks ago found himself borne upon the crest of a great tidal wave of enthusiasm bearing jolly multitudes toward Madison, Wisconsin. They were going to the great football game between the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin. All the railroads were running extra trains and every train was full. The writer shared a seat with a bright-eyed, clean-faced, attractive representative of a high school in one of the progressive and beautiful towns of Wisconsin. The "team" was going up to Madison and this boy, charming in his enthusiasm, overflowed with athletic knowledge. He enlightened the stupid editor with a lot of fotball lore, all of which information was interesting and welcome.

It was only a few days before the state election. Wisconsin was torn by a gubernatorial campaign. Three candidates for Governor were, as it seemed to the editorial mind, tearing the state into tatters with their spell-binding campaigns, and the "Who are you hurrahing for for Governor?" was a natural question from one who could not contribute much to a conversation on football. An amusing blankness fell over the face of the bright high school enthusiast when he confessed that he did not know who was running. To justify his ignorance and to confound his inquirer he said: "There are eight other fellows back there and I don't think they know either. I'll go and see."

He returned with a radiant face. "Not one of them knows; one remembers that a man by the name of "Hull" sought the nomination but he never heard whether he got it or not." Still further to parry the surprise he said "We have two lady teachers going up with us on the train; I'll go and see if they know."

"Surely," was the reply, "They are women and the women are posted." But the lad returned triumphantly with the news that those women teachers also didn't know. Now all these came from a bright, progressive town in the boasted progressive state of Wisconsin! Are they typical?

If the newspapers are to be trusted the two great questions that are now disturbing the school management of Chicago, threatening not only the peace but the perpetuity of some of the high school classes in their present strength, are those regarding Greek letter secret societies and some so-called "modern steps" in dancing. On both these lines youths coming from favored homes, located in the "culture" centers of Chicago, are conspicuous leaders of revolt. They are on the borderland of rebellion and defiance to those in authority. They stand for their "rights." They argue well the logic of "fun" and plead wisely for the "need of amusements" and the "innocence of all things when innocently pursued." "To the pure all things are pure!" etc., etc.

What is the matter? Is there anything the matter? Is serious-mindedness an essential to culture and is that culture to be suspected that does not breed serious-mindedness? Perhaps the more favored classes in this country today are characterized by a serious-mindedness toward the great profound problems that confront the individual, the home, the nation and the world. Let us hope so. The questions are worth asking, and surely dogmatic answers too hastily given are to be suspected.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Christmas Suggestion

To the Editor of UNITY:

One of the big facts of the Great War is that our own nation is almost completely exempt from its suffering. Our share in it, such as it is, is indirect and thinly distributed. It comes in the shape of industrial depression and unemployment, slightly raised prices perhaps, and our hundred millions of war tax; and these effects may be more than offset before long by increased demands for our products from the countries at war. Instant calculations were made by our selfishness of the amount of profit that might accrue to us through the distress of the peoples abroad. Under these circumstances of immunity does not all the *un*selfishness in us move us to take some large and definite part in the relief of the suffering there, as well as to take more than usual care of our own distress-needs at home? Our contributions for Red Cross work, Belgian relief, and the like, are as yet small, and they come from comparatively few. How many among us have yet made any personal *sacrifice* to lessen the infinite sacrifices suddenly forced by the War on the millions over the sea?

The coming Christmas gives multitudes of us an opportunity to make such a sacrifice in a small, but a real and effective, way. Many thousands of homes —not of the wealthiest, either—are in the habit of spending at Christmas what in the round must amount to ten, twenty, thirty, perhaps a hundred, dollars on Christmas gifts between members. We may not wish to cut off entirely our festival expression of love; but why not by household agreements cut our usual amount, whatever it be, in thirds, and *make two-thirds our family offering* to the two fields of distress,—that abroad and that at home,—assigning it where each family prefers, perhaps dividing it equally between the two needs?

Some one in the *Survey* last week proposed something of this kind, suggesting extension of the compact to one's whole circle of involved and expectant relatives,—with due notice given in the form of invitations to join! Good! Let the idea *catch* far and wide through the land, and the Christmas offering from the United States to the War-woe alone would startle us all by the beautiful leap in the various funds. Does it not seem as if great rich America, safe in her distance, might take little Belgium into her arms and feed it through this first winter of terrible ache and starvation? Is that too large a part for us to take in the War,—too large a contribution for us to make at the cost of some personal sacrifice? The little people today are like what we are told has been seen here and there in her land,—one of her own babes with its hands cut off! Thank God that no nation as a whole can be fairly accused of such deviltry to individual babes; there are devils in all armies at war,—let us call all such "men without country." But here is this babe of a people with hands cut off! Whoever is responsible, cannot the Christchild in the world's heart do something for it this Christmas? And perhaps Germany-in-America will not be last in wanting to help. W. C. GANNETT.

Cambridge, Nov. 24, 1914.

How To Attain Permanent Peace

That the world will never have peace until it is organized was the great insight of Emanuel Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern times. He foresaw that safe organization could come only when the nations had representative government. The Voice of the People, speaking through representative government, must precede all political progress.

The present war—the greatest calamity in human history—has been precipitated because, despite enormous development within nations there was no adequate organization between nations and no representative government in Europe that had not allowed itself to become so muzzled and bound hand and foot as to be helpless when time was the prime necessity. The war, thank God, came not because mankind had grown bloodthirsty. No nation wanted war. It is due to alliances, bred of fear, and to huge armaments, the fruit of suspicion. It is due to the sophistry of the army and navy experts who joined with the war traders in forcing scared taxpayers to fill the world with instruments of terror. It is due to economic illusions such as that trade follows the flag; to false analogies, for example, between navies and police; to false premises, for example, that government is based on force; to false reasoning, for instance, that the survival of the fittest means the survival of the best and strongest; to false prophesies, such as "only great armaments will assure peace." The philosophy of Bernhardi is the philosophy of Lord Roberts and of militarists in Paris, Petrograd and Washington. Its basic ideas contain nothing new, though its hideous superstructure amazes us.

The first step toward world peace is to secure it in the eight nations which own nine-tenths of the world's armaments. Six of these nations are now at war. Italy has just ended a war and the United States just avoided war. When the eight nations form a League of Peace, the other forty nations, who own one-tenth of the world's armament, will give no trouble. It is only the so-called great Christian nations that menace civilization at present. But Asia is watching, and if the war system is renewed, after the present conflict, it means that Asia, as fast as she gains wealth, will turn it into armaments, and that a European-Asiatic war, born of dread, may wipe out all that makes life worth the living. The future of mankind hangs on the question whether the world learns the real lesson of this war—the futility of armaments to insure peace and the necessity of co-operation instead of rivalry between nations.

How can these eight strong nations transform a Balance of Power into a Concert of Powers and dwindle huge, rival armies and navies into an International Police which are the prerequisites of permanent peace? Certainly not by the dictum of my Friend Kier Hardie, whose noble protest against impending war I listened to with deep emotion at the Brussels Congress last July. He declared that only through Socialism could peace between nations be attained. In like manner, many a good man asserts that not until all men love each other as brothers will war cease.

Both of these claim too much. They relegate peace to a future too far distant. The necessary prerequisite for either a widespread socialism or Christianity

is justice. Men must cease preparation for organized warfare as part of their political system, and abolish rival armies and navies a thousand years before the millenium and hundreds of years perhaps before men will love all races as their brothers. Justice is possible before real love is fully developed. Peace is the child of justice; but peace between nations is not primarily dependent on just industrial conditions within a nation.

The Seven Issues of the Liberal Socialist League each and all are concerned with purely national questions. No education is needed to persuade the common man to approve his government's permanent peace between itself and other nations. He would always rejoice at peace if he thought that it could be easily and honorably obtained. The farmer and artisan never crave for war *per se,* however madly they will fight when the war has once begun. But the education required to secure the common man's consent to the full socialist program, or to convert him to a genuine love of mankind, is great and incalculable! If we assume that decent human relations cannot exist, that the world must remain in constant jeopardy of recurring cataclysms like that which is now wiping out civilization, until the highest sense of industrial justice and Christianity is reached, then indeed may all who are now living lose their courage.

This notion is a monstrous fallacy. When this war is over, agreements may be made which in a generation will transform the world without industrial revolution or miraculous change of human nature. Whether those agreements are made will depend largely upon whether Americans rise now to their golden opportunity, call a halt in their own increase of armaments, educate public sentiment and stand as a unit for abolition of militarism, so that we may lead the nations to that world organization which can alone secure a permanent peace.

TREATIES FOR DELAY.

The first agreement that might well be urged when this war ends will be for treaties binding the nations to delay hostilities for a year pending an international commission's investigation of all facts regarding a dispute. As in the Dogger Bank affair, when war threatened between England and Russia, such investigation resulted in hot blood cooling off and in much less than a year Russia's offering to pay over three hundred thousand dollars damages for her blunder on the North Sea. The United States has just signed over twenty-nine such treaties, and when they are also signed with Germany and Japan, as they probably will be later, her excuse for armaments will be largely curtailed. These are the treaties that, unlike those affecting conduct after war is begun, are the kind most likely to be kept. It will be for each nation's interest to keep them and, whether for a nation's interest or not, treaties have been kept about the same as business contracts.

AN ARMAMENT HOLIDAY.

A second agreement, pending ultimate measures, should be a halt in armaments. Let the eight nations agree for eight or ten years to add no gun nor ship nor fort to their equipment. This will give time for conference and sane readjustment. Then let them begin at the Third Hague Conference, to be called as soon as maybe after the war closes, and prepare definitely for World Organization.

The one nation of all others which can show forty-eight nations how to organize is that which for one hundred and twenty-five years has kept its peace between its federated states. The forty-eight united states of our Republic, despite the number of homicides and lynchings within their states, far surpassing the proportion in any of the other Powers, have kept the peace around the border line of each. Again and again interstate quarrels have occurred which were more serious than many which have led to European wars; yet because Washington, Franklin, Madison and their compeers, sitting in Independence Hall in 1787, prearranged that such disputes were to be settled by a Supreme Court, no war has ever come between one state and another. The effort of one-half the states in 1861 to overthrow the national government did not affect the fact that the court did all that it was designed to do.

World organization will involve a loose federation of the nations with a Supreme Court to which all who federate will pledge themselves to submit all purely international disputes not otherwise peacefully settled. Practical peace can be attained when the dozen strongest nations pledge themselves; the others will soon follow.

NON INTERCOURSE.

Such pledge involves as a corollary, gradual disarmament and the substitution for armies and navies of an International Police, composed of a quota from each armed power, to be used like a city police, mainly for friendly protective functions when earthquake, famine or other disaster occurs. As Justice Brewer well said, we should never need such an army to force any recalcitrant nation to court. The new compulsion should be what Justice Brewer himself urged—non intercourse. Let an agreement for it be embodied in international law and prescribed as recognized penalty for breaking faith. Let every nation know that if it breaks its pledge it shall at once become anathema excommunicate with every postal, railroad, shipping and telegraph connection severed, and it will probably never invoke such drastic treatment. This force, unlike a navy, would cost nothing for its upkeep when not employed.

FREE TRADE.

This will be a natural and probably necessary consequent of world organization, but it could hardly precede it. Prof. Gidding's claim that it is necessary for permanent peace is perhaps correct. But the primary consideration is recognition of the vital inter-dependence of nations, that the sovereignty of nations must be limited in favor of the great interests of the world. Never again can any groups of nations be permitted by entangling alliances to compel four hundred million people into war against their will. Given treaties for delay and an end to private gain in the manufacture of armaments, and these other results will follow. The best English thought stands ready for the venture. Will America do her part? And remember that now, if ever, is the day of the world's salvation?

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

My Library—No. XIX.

As I think of Professor Edward Dowden I am reminded that, when an author adds still something else, no matter how valuable, to the already unwieldy possessions of the reading world, he cannot imagine, much less know, how his effort is to be received, except possibly by a limited circle of kindred spirits, whose taste and cultivation have prepared them both to understand and appreciate his subject and his peculiar treatment of it. Certainly a man like Professor Dowden, so keen, so accomplished, so skilful, could not have predicted the manner in which his book, "Shakespeare, His Mind and Art," would be responded to by one whose fortune in the world had only at best potentially prepared him for its comprehension and enjoyment. September 3rd, 1891, when I was forty years old, is the date on which I finished my first reading of this book. Its influence on me was vividly felt from beginning to end. It seemed as though I was dealing intimately with the choicest elements of human character, and I could feel their enlivening, clarifying influence gradually extending to every deepest and inexplicable recess, as well. I was made to have constantly in view a certain clear, sparkling, active stream that I had known when a boy, which came down from the hills and greatly purified the muddy river into which it emptied. In truth, my very soul reacted without reserve to Dowden's book, as I had seen a plant or bush react to needed fertilization. I took on newness of life in every sense that wayward growths need, and yet are so often deprived of. It was a season of June effulgence of growth appertaining to every element of my nature. More definitely than I can tell, had I gleaned what the author had said Shakespeare brings to us,—"to each one courage and energy and strength to dedicate himself and his work, be that whatever it be, which life has revealed to him as best and highest and most real." All this came to me with a clearness that taught me that at heart I was right, and had always been right, in the major predilections and aspirations of my own soul and heart. All doubt as to my place in the world, and as to my main business in it, was dispelled. Now I had an authority on my side who was strong and skilful enough to be thoroughly relied upon. One phase of the change may perhaps be expressed by another quotation from Professor Dowden: "A time not seldom comes," says he, "when a man, abandoning abstractions and metaphysical entities, turns to the actual life of the world, and to the real men and women who surround him, for the sources of emotion and thought and action—a time when the stress to come into communion with the unseen, not immediately, but through the revelation of the seen." For years I have been more and more realizing the developing morning glow that was truly to be the harbinger of this glorious vision. I had been grasping and stumbling in many serious respects most sorely; and sadly and perplexingly enough, as well. But I could now see that my face had been rightly set according to the Source whence the full light was to dawn. The men and women that I had dealt with, communed with, had been drawn to or repelled from, had been uplifted by or pulled down by, had, through all the years, influenced me by something more than was implied by the common notion of rebellion against that which is high and holy. In them all I had seen, even if most mistakenly, a brightly gleaming something which denoted their intrinsic nature and worth. Most generally I had seen this as of the Good; but the constraint of orthodox opinion and convention had often so blinded me that I had seen even the then most attractive brightness as simply of the Body, and so to be turned from, as either unworthy or dangerous. But now the heart of everybody was revealed to me, as being of both Divine worth and Divine goodness. Only the distracted, uncultivated, hedged-in, abased and stunted growth, was "evil," and this only so far as someone saw it as such, and did not hasten himself promptly to remedy it. My hitherto half-asleep eyes, blinking irresolutely even in the growing light of assured advance, were now not only opened, but strong enough to meet the sun's full light. In the Seen was I to find the Unseen. In all the nooks and crannies of most forbidding human nature, in its hates as well as its loves, in its stupidities and blunders as well as its brilliant advances and conquests, in its false aspirations, its cruelties, its cursings, even;—in all its descendings as well as its ascendings, its pains, its wrong motives, its noble sympathies and high intentions;—did I now see the Great Unfolding, which was forever to proceed, even as the mind of the beholder was to grow correspondingly to know and enjoy it. So choice did Professor Dowden's book thus become to me, that of no volume in My Library can I say more truly, "Here is a Friend, who not only has rightly introduced me to a whole world of people thoroughly worth knowing, but has opened up to me such sure foundations of true wisdom, and right attitude, and useful activity, that always hereafter I am to be the better-hearted, the clearer-headed, and more truly prosperous, because of my providential acquaintance with it." From the remoteness of his Dublin work-room, Professor Dowden had sent forth a beam of fruit-compelling light and warmth, which far away had done a work that I shall bless him for throughout my conscious existence. The very look of it, the dull colored volume, now somewhat faded and much worn, on My Library shelf, seems always to beckon to me to nobler conception of life and to a truer usefulness, every time I notice it.

What additionally the book did for me through its most lucid exposition of the steps through which Shakespeare's great mind had developed, as it worked at and finally produced the Dramas and Poems which one by one have held the unbroken attention of the world, was again of almost unparalleled significance. Through Professor Dowden's sympathetic vision, I also could see the gradual accretion of knowledge, the growth of insight and reason, the attainment of skill, the bettering of results, which characterized Shakespeare's work, until the great fulfillment in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and "Othello" and "Lear" and "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" was finally reached. I could see too how like other people his mental powers weakened and hesitated and eventually flagged. It was a series of invaluable instructions in the art of observing and understanding human nature. No one reading, for instance, that "Othello is inoculated with the poison of jealousy and suspicion, and the poison maddens and destroys him. Macbeth, made

for subordination, is the victim of a terrible and unnatural ambition. Lear, ignorant of true love, yet with a supreme need of loving and of being loved, is compelled to hatred, and drives from his presence the one being who could have satisfied the hunger of his heart. Timon, who would fain indulge a universal benevolence, is transformed to a revolter from humanity"—no one reading this and the like with any sort of comprehension, could help being better prepared to see people as they are everywhere, and also to see his own self, as he inwardly is. In Dowden's exposition of the times, the being, and the motives, of Hamlet, especially, there was so much that was clearly put forth, that many another dark and puzzling mind thereafter was to be understood, as it could not otherwise have been. "Under the pitiless burden imposed upon him," says Professor Dowden, "Hamlet trembles, totters, falls." This was unqualified acceptance of what Goethe had long before written: "To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant . . . to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." But Dowden goes farther and affirms additionally that "Hamlet is called upon to assert moral order in a world of moral confusion and obscurity. . . . He is made for honesty, and he is compelled to practice a shifting and subtle strategem; thus he comes to waste himself in ingenuity and crafty device." How frequently was this to be exemplified in my studies of many others nearer home! So, too, when Dowden continues to say that "All the strength which he possesses would have become organized and available had his world been one of honesty, of helpfulness, of human love. But a world of deceit, of espionage, of selfishness surrounds him. His idealism, at thirty years of age, almost takes the form of pessimism; his life and heart become sterile; he loses the energy which sound and joyous feeling supplies; and in the wide-spreading waste of corruption which lies around him, he is tempted to understand and detest things rather than accomplish some limited practical service;"—what a comprehensive explanation this is of all the other, even modern, Hamlets that so numerously gather "in the unweeded garden of the world, and yet never really uproot a single weed!" How often, too, have I since then noted the people who do not "retain a sense of fact and of the real world, because the fact, as it were, melts away and disappears in the solvent of delicious emotion," or else as with Hamlet, "each object and event transposes and expands itself into an idea." And so, in such words as these, everywhere to be found in this rich volume, one is given access to the inner shrine of many characters which otherwise would be seen simply as the weak prey either of one's prepossession or stupidity.

And this I have found, likewise, as I have read Professor Dowden's later books. All through his "Southy," his "Montaigne," his "Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature," and perhaps even more noticeably in his "Browning," there has been seen the same deep wisdom, the same comprehensive sympathy, the same light-revealing skill. As our own Lowell had undertaken before him, so does Dowden most seriously undertake to see characters as they are, and to make the vision open-eyed to others.

Naturally enough when I found myself entering into the development of the mind and art of Shakespeare through Professor Dowden's pages, I found myself unusually desirous of entering into the same wholesome companionship through the pages of Shakespeare himself. This led not only to the substituting of the Richard Grant White edition of his works for the one already owned, but to the purchasing of several of the more important plays in editions that were so illustrated as to help make the subject matter more clear and interesting. In these pages especially did I find a revival of interest in Shakespeare as a whole that was as inspiring as it was satisfactory, and likewise so much additional profit and entertainment, that now the great Master Spirit has become a favorite as never before. Of his tragedies I never tire, nor of the more important comedies either. His sonnets and poems reveal and suggest floods of light on every vital subject; while his English histories, although in no sense my favorites, unless I except "King John" and "Henry the Eighth," always serve to inspire me to wish for a more accurate knowledge of their real foundations than I have. Thus it was chiefly through them that I was eventually prompted to secure the magnificently illustrated edition of Green's "History of the English People," and to peruse it with becoming attention. Froude's "Henry the Eighth" also became attractive, especially through my need of a basis for intelligently reading Shakespeare's play. Indeed, I suppose that were one to start out in life with reading Shakespeare until his entire works became familiar, one would there find in addition to their own especial significance, incomparable suggestions as to about all the books that are really worth owning or reading. That I may yet live long enough thoroughly and gloriously to revel in this field of most human interest and worth, and to have the sense to do this almost without ceasing, were well worth praying for most earnestly.

When I first read in Emerson's "Representative Men" how, in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, he had happened to come upon the tomb of a man who had "lived to do right, and had formed himself to virtue on the Essays of Montaigne;" and how Emerson himself had then been confirmed in his love for this author; and was so inspired in respect of him that he could afterwards write, "Montaigne is the freshest and honestest of all writers," and his "Essays, therefore, are an entertaining soliloquy on every random topic that comes into his head; treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculine sense," of course I was enthusiastically inspired at once to find out whom this wonderful man might be, and, if possible, to enter into the riches therein to be found. But Emerson had also called Montaigne "this prince of egotists"; and in his Essay in which Montaigne was discussed had entitled him "The Skeptic," two characterizations which, to my mind then, were quite enough to suggest at least a man to be taken with more or less care, to say the least, if not to be absolutely avoided. So, when I came to add Montaigne to My Library, and had proceeded to read him with even the borrowed enthusiasm of Emerson, I did not at once take to him very thoroughly or with entire acceptance; and, for years, in fact, not until I had become much more reflective, did I really become able to enjoy him to any extent worthy of note. And even

now I find him at times most tedious, and often am rather offended than otherwise at some of his "French coarseness." Still he always offers one such a veritable magazine of ideas, of suggestions, of experiences, and not less of quotations from the classics of every nation and period, that one cannot but bless him for being in the main as he is, not only entertaining, but thoroughly informing, as well. I think, however, that he is best for the days when one has largely outlived the earlier prejudices and other useless limitations, and has attained to a sense of things in general somewhat corresponding to that of the author's. Montaigne is certainly no author for callow youth, or for the intellectual or moral coward of any age. His shafts seem at times to be sent without aim, but only to hit your most cherished notion quite in the eye. His topics are often not for ears too sensitive, and yet one would not like to miss his quaint discussion of them. Nowadays, he has become a partner in so many of my mental wrestlings, that I should not like to have him deposed. In fact, rather close to Emerson do I find myself rating him, as the certain kind of critical seer which so many of us need, and, so badly.

At the same time with Montaigne there came a volume of "Hume's Essays," which happily included "An Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding," "An Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," and, more welcome at the time than either, "The Natural History of Religion." That I then read all these with adequate appreciation, it would be silly to say. That I liked the many jars to what was left of my orthodoxy, whether religious or ethical, or philosophical, any better, cannot be more truly affirmed. Indeed, I duly conceived a quiet but lasting prejudice against Hume, which was only alleviated and in a measure dispelled, by the subsequent reading of Professor Huxley's masterly exposition of him, in his volume in the "English Men of Letters Series." Here I was led, not only to receive Hume's teachings with due courtesy, but to be instructed by them both widely and inspiringly. What a blessing it is that there are men who can take any sort of literary enemy or obscurity, and so elucidate and transpose and emend him that before we are aware we have accepted him as warmly as we rejected him before. Something such a service did Huxley perform for me in respect of David Hume; only, the change in my feelings has never reached beyond a more honest consideration of what he has to offer without forbidding preconception or prejudice.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

A Cause for Thanksgiving

It is a cause for thanksgiving, in view of the unprecedented demands which world-wide, man-made miseries are making upon the sympathy and generosity of this fortunate nation, that we have not made ourselves any poorer than we are by yielding to the importunities of those who have tried to persuade us to invest more of our peoples' hard-earned millions in great armaments—the millions can be so much better used now to save instead of to destroy the lives of our fellow men.

It is a cause for thanksgiving also that the lessons of the present war are giving such a decisive answer to those who are trying at this moment to stampede the country into still larger military and naval expenditures by raising the alarmist cry of unpreparedness for war. That decisive answer is, Not Now!

Even supposing additional equipment were necessary to enable us to do our part in maintaining internal law and order, the answer would still be emphatically, Not Now. Wait until the present war has taught us whether experts are right in saying that recent innovations in artillery and in submarines and aerial warfare have rendered "impregnable" fortresses and battleships obsolescent, if not entirely obsolete. If we had millions to spend for this purpose we should not know how to spend them wisely now. Not now! Of all times there is least call for such added preparations now. The other great nations have their hands full already. They are not looking for any new enemies to attack; and, when this desolating war is over, they will be too exhausted to attack anybody for a long time. Not Now! There is no excuse for increasing our navy now, when the reduction in naval armament in other countries is being so rapidly brought about by war, and our nation is becoming relatively stronger without any expenditure on our part. All we need to do is wait.

So when alarmist statesmen urge us to vote millions for increased armaments, let us amend the motion and vote the millions to relieve the terrible suffering in less fortunate lands. And let us be profoundly thankful that when we use our millions to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, comfort the afflicted and bind up the broken-hearted, we are at the same time building those friendships which are the best ships in any navy; which take the place of many dreadnoughts, outlast the strongest battleships, never become obsolete, grow stronger instead of weaker with years; which are a nation's greatest pride and prosperity and surest help in time of need.

REV. EDWARD CUMMINGS.

THE MESSAGE OF PEACE

Bid the din of battle cease,
  Folded be the wings of fire;
Let your courage conquer Peace,
  Every gentle heart's desire.

Let the crimson flood retreat,
  Blended in the arc of love;
Let the flags of nations meet;
  Bind the raven, loose the dove.

At the altar that we raise,
  King and Kaiser may bow down;
Warrior knights above their bays
  Wear the sacred olive crown.

Blinding passion is subdued;
  Men discern their common birth;
God hath made of kindred blood
  All the peoples of the earth.

High and holy are the gifts
  He has lavished on the race;
Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,
  Honor's meed and beauty's grace.

As in Heaven's bright face we look,
  Let our kindling souls expand,
Let us pledge, on Nature's book,
  Hear to heart, and hand to hand.

For the glory that we saw
  In the battle flag unfurled,
Let us read Christ's better law,
  Fellowship for all the world.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A Years Work
In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXXIV.
The Talmud

Text: *"That which is hateful to thyself do not do to thy neighbor. This is the whole law and the rest is its commentary."*

The Talmud, one of the most mysterious things in literature, is a vast, incoherent, unorganized mass of tradition, law, science, ethics, legend and poetry, philosophy and religion. When the Jews found themselves expatriated in Babylon, having no flag to rally under, no country to hurrah for, no king to be subservient to, and no church in the way of organized ritual or a sacred altar, nothing external, they were in a favorable condition to turn what genius they had, and they had a lot of it, back upon their one source of inspiration. Their one literary treasure was the "Law" of Moses, for by this time they had the Torah about as we have it, though they may not have had in their hearts and minds the inspirations of the prophets as we have them, or as does the modern Jew. There came a time when there was little vision, no fresh revelation! Their reliance was chiefly centered around the Torah, to them the law of Moses, was the adequate will of Jehovah concerning them. The minds that created the Talmud were not much allied to Isaiah, or, the Greater Unknown, the poets and the prophets, nor to the mind or minds that produced Job or wrote the Psalms. But they were the legal astute mind, the lawyer mind that explains, expounds, refines and interprets the Torah. When the center of Jewish life was moved back from Babylon to Jerusalem, the Jews took with them that semi-poetic literature which is the joy of the Old Testament,—Job, Psalms, the stories of Esther and Ruth, Ezra, Nehemiah, etc., and in addition a growing mass of oral interpretation of the law. There came a time when such material must be arranged, codified, and Rabbi Hillel, who lived just before Jesus' time, is given the credit of having tackled this great mass of literature and beaten it into shape. We now know it as the Mishna. Mishna means interpretation and is a commentary on the law,—theTorah,—just as in Illinois a justice of the peace will have an annotated statute book, with past rulings on difficult cases, cross references, etc. But this first legal interpretation was not sufficient, of course, and so the Rabbis had the work of explaining the commentary, and there grew another mass of material. This is called the Gemara, which again falls into two classes. The first, analytical, legal and interpretative, is called the Halacha, and the second class the material which tries to interpret the spirit of the law, in poetry and comment, which might be called the literary or homiletic, the Haggada.

This great work, which began back there in Babylon, say 300 B. C., continued to grow like a snowball in the mind and affections and traditions of a people who became more and more technical in religion and more and more formal in their liturgy, until perhaps to about 500 A. D. Thus the Talmud grew for eight hundred years. If we speak of it as the product of a thousand years, perhaps we are not wide of the mark. The snowball, the figure represents a physical accretion, rolled from two directions, and so we have two series of comments. The Mishna is the same in both cases, but the Gemara began to gather materials in the Babylonish stream. There was also a gathering of comment and traditions out of the Jerusalem stream, or, more properly, the Palestine stream; so we have the "Babylonian Talmud" and the Palestinian Talmud. The Babylonian Talmud seems to be the fullest, richest and most complete.

In its present form the Mishna falls into six chapters, or orders, rather arbitrarily divided but suggestive of the whole make-up. The first section is the "Order of Seeds," containing the laws which concern husbandry. The second section, the "Order of Festivals," times and seasons, etc. The third, the "Order of Women," dealing with conjugal laws, etc. The fourth, the "Order of Injuries," Rabbinical jurisprudence. The fifth, Consecrations, etc., and sixth, the order of Purifications. The Mishna contains again sixty-three comments and subdivisions.

The latest and most critical word available on my shelf about the Talmud is an "Introduction to the Talmud," by Prof. M. Mielziner. It is written for students and is perforated with Jewish text,—a dry, scholastic analysis of the book. The Mishna, Gemara and Haggada form a literature that would equal in bulk about twelve volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Like the English Prayer-book, its paging is always the same. In the Mishna the more important part is printed in larger text and the Gemara in smaller text. Some years ago there was one here in this city who knew the whole by heart, the most monstrous achievement of memory I know of, but he claimed it was not exceptional.

We now have an approximately complete translation of the Talmud into English by M. L. Rodkinson, making ten volumes. Its very incoherency, the very hit and miss of it, makes this work exceeding interesting. While you cannot read a page without coming to something exceedingly silly or superstitious, even to modern taste, coarse, because it represents that very free mind and age, you also find gems of great rarity and beauty. If you are learned in the Talmud you can match from it any wise saying. Many learned Jews will come at you with sayings from the Talmud as at one time progressive men would quote Emerson to the point of being tiresome.

Emanuel Deutsch, a brilliant scholar, born in Prussia in 1829 of Jewish birth, was one of the first to draw attention of the English Gentile reader to the Talmud, by a famous article in a London magazine which made a great impression on the Christian students everywhere. He found it a gold mine of great

value and merit. Renan, speaking of it, incidentally says:

> The Talmud, that bad book which to this day is the evil genius of Judaism, took life from the Torah, and then in great part filled its place, becoming the new law of Judaism. It has been said that Israel, in lack of other superstition, created a new superstition out of the Torah. The desire of the writer of Deuteronomy has been accomplished. The Law has become the absolute rule of life to Israel. Each Jew has it for a frontlet between his eyes,—a hypnotic plaster.

How shall we reconcile these two men? Quite easily. Both Renan and Deutsch are right. As a vast storehouse of wisdom, as an inexhaustible shelf of interesting Jewish folklore, as the most interesting light thrown upon the customs, habits and science of a past age, it deserves the interest and study it has received; but its influence upon the people, the orthodox Jews, has been burdensome. It represents the ritualistic side of religion. The attitude of the pietists, the Pharisees of New Testament times, toward the Talmud was exactly the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Word of God. The lay mind has not sufficient culture or training to understand it, except as interpreted for them by the priesthood provided by God, and so in the Dark Ages, the Age of Faith they call it, there grew an immense mountainous lore in the Catholic Church,—rules, regulations and traditions which still obtain.

The Talmudic Jew is the man who runs the Jewish market on Halsted Street, the one who supervises the killing of chickens and sheep, and tells you when you must wash your hands and say your prayers. All this is crystallized into a terribly technical system of forms and formulas, and overshadows the scholarship even of those who think they are Talmudically free. So Renan had it in mind as "a bad book" because it tyrannized over the Jews, isolated them and burdened their homes with rules and regulations.

It is easier to dwell on the beauty and charm of the Talmud than to speak of the tyranny of it; but the tremendous power and influence it has had on the history of the Jews is still in force on perhaps 95 per cent of Judaism. The tyranny of it may be paralleled in the history of Mohammedanism, in the degeneracy of the Christian Church of medieval times, and in the Evangelical churches of today,—in any religion that assumes that the Lord of heaven has his favorites and has given into the hands of a few the secrets of the eternal life. "The Chosen People," the Jew says, the "Children of the Lord," the Catholic, all hingeing on the theory of favoritism on the part of an infinite God, and the antidote lies in the universalism that is bound to come.

(1) What is the Torah? The Mishna?
(2) How did the Gemara begin?
(3) What is the difference between the Halacha and the Haggada?
(4) How has the Talmud helped present day scholars?
(5) In what way does it hinder the orthodox Jew?

The body of Miss W. Bell, a young English nurse, who had shown great gallantry in attending the wounded on the battle-field, has just been buried at Le Mans. She was struck down by a shell, and, having both legs broken, was conveyed to the British hospital at Le Mans, where she died. She lies amid the British, French, and German soldiers for whom she gave up her life.—*Literary Digest.*

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books From Macmillans

From MacMillan & Co., I receive "Neighbors," "Life Stories of the Other Half," by Jacob A. Riis; a lot of short stories right out of human nature, with an appeal to human nature, to bring us folk of the human family more closely together. I wish a copy were in every family in the United States.

From the same company comes "The Juvenile Court and the Community," by Dr. M. D. Eliot, an effort to show the relation of this new court to other social institutions. The time has come to study the movement as to its results in a broader way than so far has been done. The book is very welcome—especially as it does not strengthen the movement to take all control of young people out of the family. What we need just now is a big emphasis on family life and home training. From MacMillans also I get "The Man of Nazareth," by Frederick Lincoln Anderson, D. D. He tells us that in writing this book he has "had in mind the ordinarily intelligent man, and has tried to answer some of the questions about Jesus which have often arisen in his thinking, but have rarely passed his lips." But while writing for the people he has never "forgotten the expert, a fact which they will quickly perceive, if they will do me the honor to penetrate to the core of the volume." He adds that he is "ready to defend my position in the scholarly arena." There is something peculiarly coxcombical about this sort of writing, and it does its share in lessening the value of the book.

Exceedingly attractive is the next volume from the same house, by Francis Greenwood Peabody, D. D., entitled "The Christian Life in the Modern World." It is a capital little handbook to study—especially the chapter whether "The Christian Life is Practicable in the Christian Church." I should like to quote heavily of this book, but I imagine that UNITY readers will quite freely read the book for themselves.

E. P. POWELL.

ALL ONE.

Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism,
Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism,
All striving to better mankind's condition,
And in so far as each succeeds
They are all one to me.

Caucasian, Ethiopian, Malay, Indian, Mongolian,
All struggling to survive,
Man being my brother and woman my sister,
They are all one to me.

America, France, England, Germany,
Japan, Russia, India, China,
All trying to render justice,
And in so far as each succeeds
They are all one to me.

In religion, race and government,
None of today will live,
Only the best in each will remain,
This is the divine law.

Columbus, O. *James Farnum.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

MON.—Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?

TUES.—He is well paid that is well satisfied.

WED.—And earthly power doth then seem likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

THURS.—His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.

FRI.—Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

SAT.—O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason.

Shakespeare.

SURVIVAL.

The king came back from the war with slaves and spoil,
And said, "A vaster palace must there be
Than where my fathers dwelt." So purposed he,
And set a captive nation to the toil.

And arch on arch and wall by nightless wall
The royal aeries towered to the sun. . . .
The years were long before the task was done
And captains feasted in the banquet hall.

Then to his youngest poet said the king,
"Behold the magnitude of mine estate!
The courts, the lions graven at the gate,
The armies vassal to my ramparts! Sing!

"Sing the strong towers basaltic and sublime!
Sing the high walls whose strength shall make my fame
A star of legend and immortal flame,
And house my princes to the snows of Time!"

And the red lords kept silence for the lay;
The sceptered king smiled proudly on the queen;
But the mad poet, wilful and serene,
Sang of a rose whose life was for a day. . . .

Of all the pomp abides nor gate nor tow'r;
But o'er the ruins bloom the roses still,
And desert folk, when the long nights are chill,
Sing yet the song he fashioned for the flow'r.

Youth's Companion. *George Sterling.*

Tribute to the Beaver

Man is the worst enemy of the beaver. A thousand trappers unite to tell the same pitiable tale of a trapped beaver's last moments. If the animal has not succeeded in drowning himself or tearing off a foot and escaping, that trapper smashes the beaver's head with his hatchet. The beaver, instead of trying to rend the man with sharp-cutting teeth, raises himself and with upraised hand tries to ward off the death blow. Instead of one blow, a young trapper frequently has to give two or three, but the beaver receives them without a struggle or a sound, and dies while vainly trying to shield his head with both hands.

A live beaver is more valuable to mankind than a dead one. As trappers in all sections of the country occasionally catch a beaver, it is probable that there still are straggling ones scattered along streams all the way from salt water up to timber line, twelve thousand feet above sea level. These remaining beaver may be exterminated; but if protected they would multiply and colonize stream sources. Here they would practice conservation. Their presence would reduce river and harbor appropriations and make rivers more manageable, useful and attractive. It would pay us to keep beaver colonies in the heights. Beaver would help keep America beautiful. A beaver colony in the wilds gives a touch of romance and rare charm to the outdoors. The works of the beaver have ever intensely interested the human mind. Beaver works may do for children what schools, sermons, companions, and even home sometimes fail to do—develop the power to think. No boy or girl can become intimately acquainted with the ways and works of these primitive folk without having the eyes of observation opened, and acquiring a permanent interest in the wide world in which we live. A race which can produce mothers and fathers as noble as those beaver in the Grand Canon who offered their lives hoping thereby to save their children is needed on this earth. The beaver is the Abou-ben-Adhem of the wild. May his tribe increase!

I have determined to do all I can to perpetuate the beaver, and I wish I could interest every man, woman, boy and girl in the land to help in this. Beaver works are so picturesque and so useful to man that I trust this persistent practiser of conservation will not perish from the hills and mountains of our land. His growing scarcity is awakening some interest in him, and I hope and half believe that before many years every brook that is born on a great watershed will, as it goes swiftly, merrily singing down the slopes toward the sea, pass through and be steadied in a poetic pond that is made and will be maintained by our patient, persistent, faithful friend, the beaver.

Our Dumb Animals. *Enos A. Mills.*

"HE'S MY BROTHER"

I met a slender little maid
A rosy burden bearing.
"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave, sweet eyes,
This fragile "little mother,"
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no! ma'am; he's my brother."

* * * *

We larger children toil and fret
To help the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward.
Yet, would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother,"
Unwearying we'd bear up the weak
Because he is "my brother."

—Minnie Leona Upton.

OPPORTUNITY

Send forth your heart's desire and work and wait—
The opportunities of life are brought
To our own doors, not by capricious fate,
But by the strong compelling force of thought.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

IN TRAINING FOR WAR.

Thirty-seven deaths from hunting accidents in northern Wisconsin and Michigan is the toll in those districts so far as known during the fall season, ending at midnight.

Of this number twenty-four hunters were slain in Wisconsin—three more than were killed in 1913. In Michigan there were thirteen fatalities. It is estimated that about fifteen thousand hunters were in the woods of the upper peninsula of Michigan alone.

Promptly at midnight tonight the big game season will come to an end in Minnesota, after a period of twenty days, in which the "kill" mounted into the thousands. Probably 500 deer and moose came to Duluth alone. Coincident with the conclusion of the open period for deer and moose, members of the Northwestern Gun Club will consider a number of recommendations by game wardens to shorten the season on big game and game and birds to ten days. This will do much toward averting a widespread slaughter, which in a few years will result in the extermination of the antlered tribe, it is believed.

Eleven dead hunters and twelve wounded is the roll of the hunting season in Minnesota. The number of deer and moose killed is the largest in the history of the state. Hundreds of nimrods from eastern and middle west cities obtained licenses in Minnesota this year. Game was abundant in far-away localities, but scarce where it abounded in former years.

From the Chicago News of Nov. 30, 1914.

OUR NATIONAL BIRD.

It is an appositeness rare in this haphazard world that the peculiarly American holiday should be celebrated by the peculiarly American fowl. Franklin wished to have adopted as our national emblem the handsome, dignified and useful turkey instead of the rapacious, filthy and altogether uneatable eagle. But the conservatism of heraldry was too strong for him, so the symbol of the aggressive imperialism of Europe became attached to the infant republic.

The turkey is the only contribution that America has made to the fauna of the farm. Mankind has been singularly negligent in utilizing for his own purposes the wealth of the animal kingdom. Out of fifteen thousand species of birds he has domesticated barely a dozen and the New World added but this one to the larder of the Old. Still the acquisition of the turkey is alone sufficient to justify the enterprise of Columbus. All languages have conspired to rob the New World of this honor of originating this bird of ours; the French which calls it the "fowl of India," the German which calls it the "Calicut hen," and the English which calls it the "turkey." But in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations it remains an American. Let us give thanks for the turkey.

From the Independent.

UNUSUAL ANTI-CRUELTY STATUTE.

A very unusual anti-cruelty law was discovered on the New Mexico statute books a short time ago through accident, and more recently an opinion from the office of the attorney general has confirmed the view taken of it at the time. This law is believed to be unique in the United States, for it vests with the power of arrest all witnesses to any act of cruelty to animals, mistreatment or similar offenses.

The act came to light when a young attorney exercised his right of arrest upon a man whom he saw abusing a kitten. Without bothering to call an officer, though one was near, this young man haled the offender into a justice's court and there charged him with the offense. Some question was raised as to the authority the young man had taken upon himself, but investigation developed that he had in no way exceeded the authority the act confers upon any private citizen. The offender was fined.

The act is part of the compilation of 1905 and had been on the books for an unknown length of time prior to

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Dr. William L. Sullivan's intensely interesting novel of "American Modernism," **"The Priest,"** is a book which every friend of the liberal faith ought to own. In a sense it is not biography, but behind its dramatic fiction lies the background of a young priest's actual experience of spiritual development in passing from the Roman Catholic church to the liberal ministry. The publisher's price for the book is $1.25. **We will send it with one year's new subscription to The Unitarian Advance for $1.30.**

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that date, being a strengthening of an act found in earlier compilations. It reads in part as follows:

"Any person who may be found in the act of violating (the anti-cruelty statute) may be arrested by any other person who may see or find him in the act of committing such violation and the person so arresting . . . shall be authorized to take him immediately before the nearest justice of the peace, and such justice of the peace shall immediately investigate the said cause and either place the party under bail to await the action of the grand jury, or try said cause, as in his judgment would be most proper. . . . "

Another remarkable feature of the act is that it requires "immediate" action by the trial judge, who may, if the offense is sufficiently serious, hold the alleged offender for the grand jury in any sum he may see fit to name.

Our Dumb Animals. *D. R. Lane.*

"Outgrow worship? Yes, when there are no more sins to trouble conscience, no more temptations to resist, no more sorrows to bear. Outgrow worship? Yes, when no more mother arms shall hold a dead babe and no open graves swallow up our loved ones. Outgrow worship? Yes, when the splendors of the midnight sky shall cease to awe and the evening glories shall no longer thrill with the ecstacy of delight. Outgrow worship? Yes, when the mysteries of our own being are all explained and the treachery of a friend shall cause no heartache. Until then the Church in its public worship will face an undying need and an imperative task."

—*Joseph H. Crooker: "The Church of Tomorrow."*

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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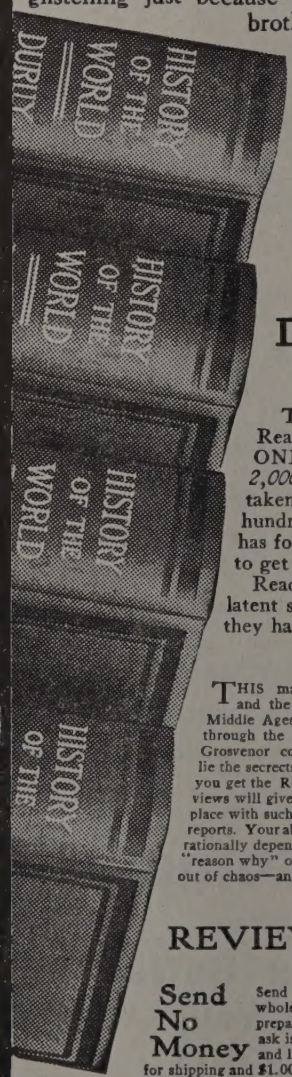

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